

ME

850

TIM HOLT

NO.35

TIM HOLT



10c

STOP SMOKING

TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS



*YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves
STOP
- Tobacco Breath
STOP
- Tobacco Cough
STOP
- Burning Mouth
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine
Due To Smoking
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN Days! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the mulfying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all those irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend these tobacco \$125 on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

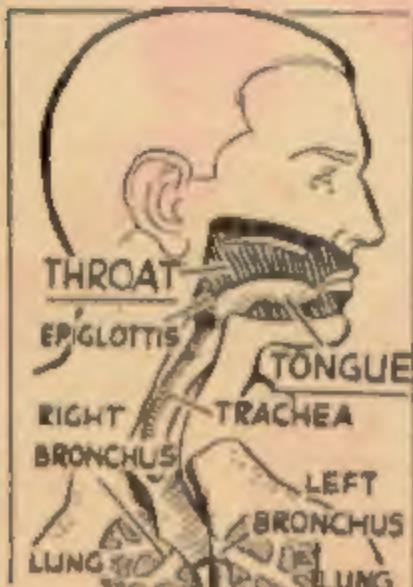
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lung, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness. Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke—in just 7 Days—or if you won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, Doctor (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever, your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS . . . OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco . . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. TH-35
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$1.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charge.

Save 4¢ on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage cost.

Enclosed is \$4.00 for 7 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAM

(Please Print)

ADDRESS

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



THE GUN WAS ACCURSED. IT WAS A PET OF
THE GRISLY THING THAT MEN CALLED DEATH!
WHERE THE GUN SPOKE, MEN FELL AND DIED!
AND FROM MURDER TO MURDER, IT FOLLOWED
A BLOODY TRAIL DOWN INTO THE BULLET
COUNTRY WHERE **REDMASK** RODE, UNAWARE
THAT HE WAS NEXT ON THE GRIM LIST OF
THE VICTIMS OF THE —

"GUN OF DEATH!"

DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA, IS A WILD TOWN. IN ONE
OF ITS SALOONS, MEN SIT PLAYING POKER, WHEN —



IT'S **WILD
BILL HICKOK!**
DEAD!

JACK MCCALL SHOT HIM
IN THE BACK WITHOUT GIVING
HIM A CHANCE! LET'S GO
GET HIM, BOYS — AND
STRING HIM UP!



TIM HOLT

KILLER JACK MCCALL RUNS FOR HIS LIFE—

MEBBS IF I THROW AWAY THE
GUN...DON'T LET 'EM FIND IT ON ME
... I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT...



FOR DAYS, THE GUN LIES UNDER THE HOT DAKOTA
SUN. THEN ONE MORNING...

A COLT PEACEMAKER! THIS IS LUCK!
I'M FLAT BROKE—BUT WITH THIS GUN—
I KNOW WHERE TO MAKE SOME MONEY,
PRONTO!



A LITTLE LATER, ON THE STAGECOACH TRAIL TO
THE BLACK HILLS...

DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS, AND NOBODY WILL GET HURT!



I'LL HIT SOUTH FROM THE
DAKOTAS INTO MESA VERDE
COUNTRY! NO POSSE WILL
CHASE ME THAT FAR!



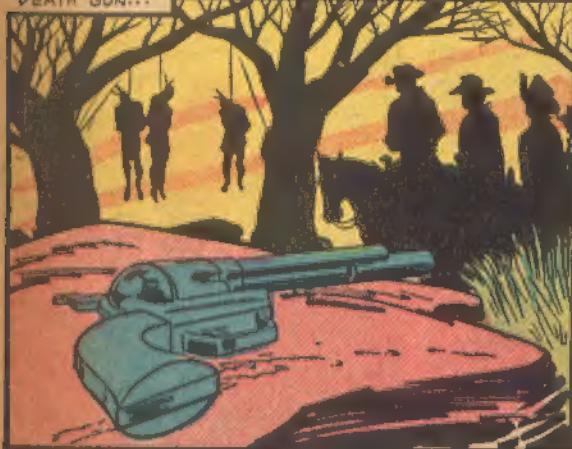
THE THUD OF POUNDING HOOFs DROWNS OUT THE SUDDEN TWANG OF A CHEYENNE BOWSTRING! A
HORSE GALLOPS FAST—BUT NOT AS FAST AS THE FLIGHT OF AN INDIAN ARROW!



TIM HOLT



A LITTLE LATER, ONLY A FEW SHAPES SWINGING IN THE IDLE BREEZE REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE DEATH GUN...



TWO WEEKS LATER, A STUBBLE-BEARDED OUTLAW, WOUNDED AND ALONE, FLEES INTO THE ROCKY BLUFFS WHERE THE GUN LIES...



TIM HOLT



IT IS DUSK IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF BULLET, SOME DAYS LATER, AS A FRESHLY SHAVED STRANGER WALKS THE STREET...



TIM HOLT

LATER THAT NIGHT IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, JIM KELLAM PUTS THE DEATH GUN AWAY-

YES, SIR! I'VE GOT MY PILE! NO NEED TO TAKE MORE RISKS. I'LL SETTLE DOWN HERE AS A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN, AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ME AS A KILLER. I'LL EVEN PUT THIS GUN HERE AND NEVER USE IT AGAIN!



FOR SOME WEEKS, JIM KELLAM LIVES AS AN HONEST MAN. HE MAKES FRIENDS, AND HIS SECRET SEEMS SAFE. THEN, ONE DAY—

NEVER SAW THAT GENT WITH THE SHERIFF! WHO IS HE? SOME HOMBRE THE SHERIFF FOUND SHOT AND DYING. HE ALMOST DID DIE, BUT STARTED TO RECOVER THE NIGHT YOU CAME INTO TOWN! FUNNY, AIN'T IT?



SHERIFF GAGE — THAT MAN THERE! HE WAS ONE OF THE THREE BANDITS WHO HELD UP THE CACTUS CITY TRAIN AND ROBBED IT, KILLING MY ENGINEER AND WOUNDING ME!

HUH?



KELLAM, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR—UGGHHH!

NOBODY ARRESTS ME! SHERIFF! GET OUT OF MY WAY!



GOT TO GET MY GUN — SHOOT MY WAY OUT OF THIS! I WAS A FOOL TO TAKE IT OFF! THAT MAN KNEW ME! HE'S GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS — BUT IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!



RIPPING HIS PEACEMAKER COLT FROM HIS BAG, JIM KELLAM FLEES TO THE ROOF...

THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I'LL DROP INTO THE CORRAL AND GRAB A BRONC! ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME— DIES!



UNAWARE THAT HE IS DEFYING THE CURSE OF DEATH ON THE MURDER GUN, REDMASK CLIMBS A ROPE TO THE ROOFTOP...



TIM HOLT

IN THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON, JIM KELLAM DISCOVERS THAT HIS LUCK IS STILL RUNNING—



TIM HOLT



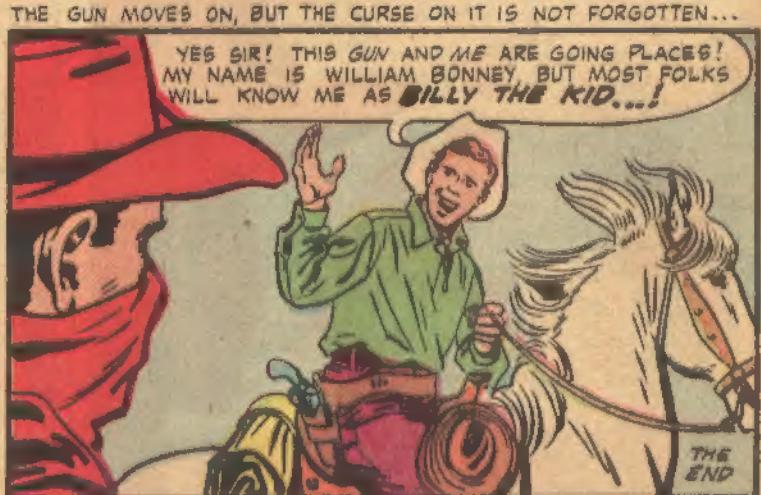
TWO MORNINGS LATER, JIM KELLAM, WHO OWNED THE DEATH GUN FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DIES IN THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE...



AND SO THE GUN GOES IN THE STORE WINDOW OF BULLET'S GUNSMITH. IT DRAWS VISITORS FOR A WHILE, AND THEN IS FORGOTTEN...



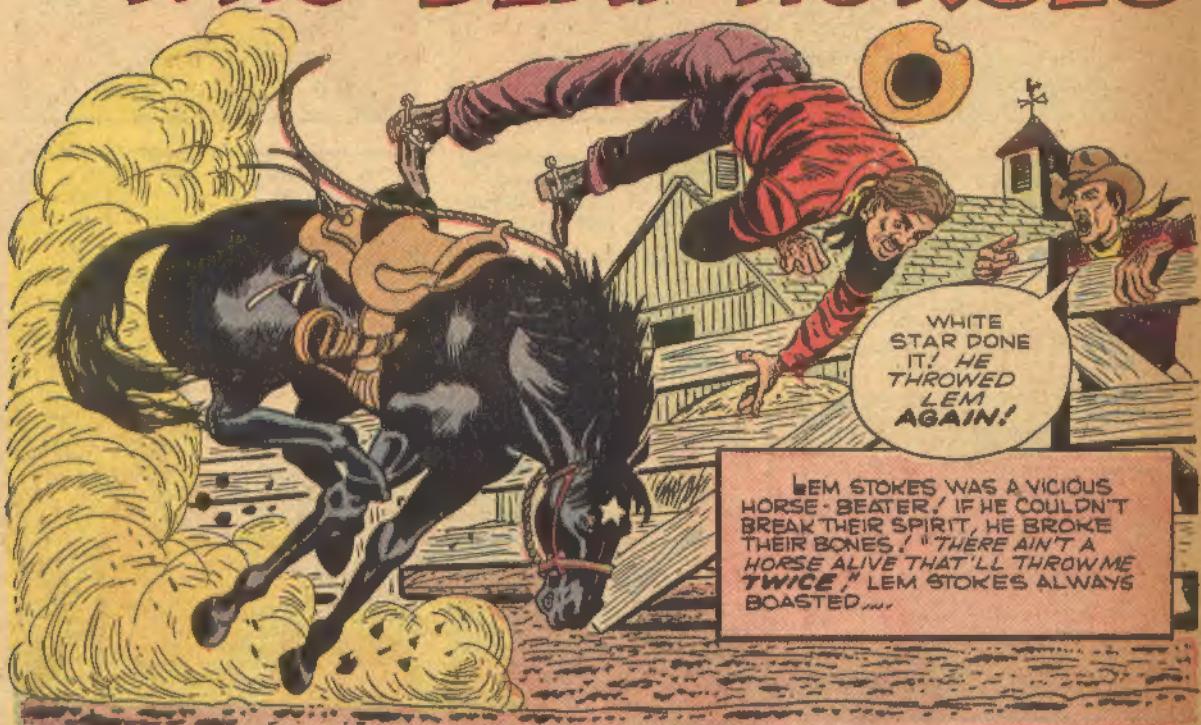
I'M HEADING INTO NEW MEXICO. NEED ME A NEW SMOKEPOLE. I'LL BUY THAT ONE!



TIM HOLT

TALES of the GHOST RIDER

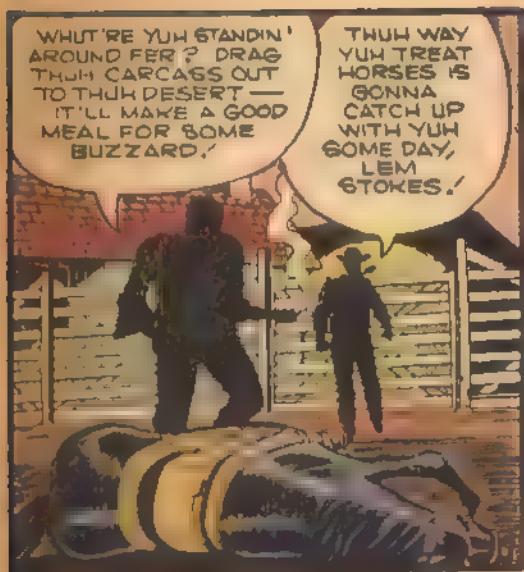
THE MAN WHO BEAT HORSES



LEM STOKES WAS A VIOLENT HORSE-BEATER! IF HE COULDN'T BREAK THEIR SPIRIT, HE BROKE THEIR BONES! "THERE AIN'T A HORSE ALIVE THAT'LL THROW ME TWICE!" LEM STOKES ALWAYS BOASTED....

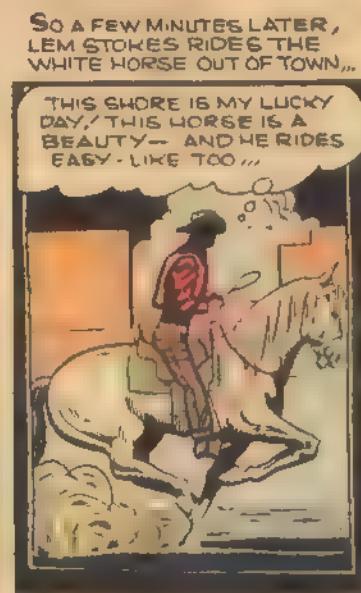
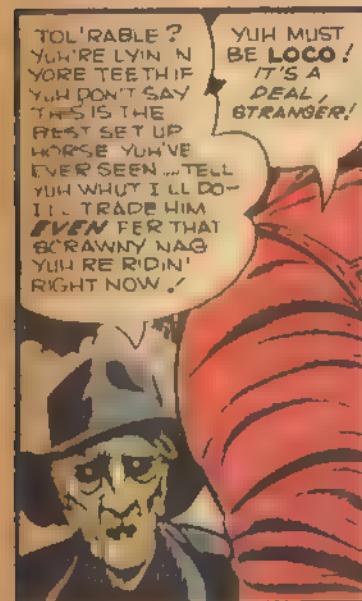
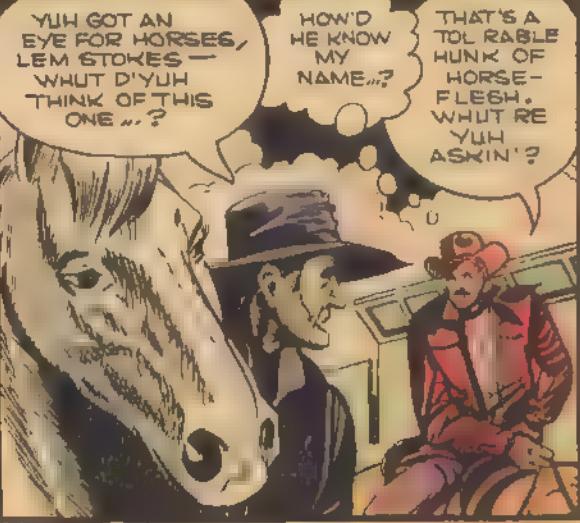
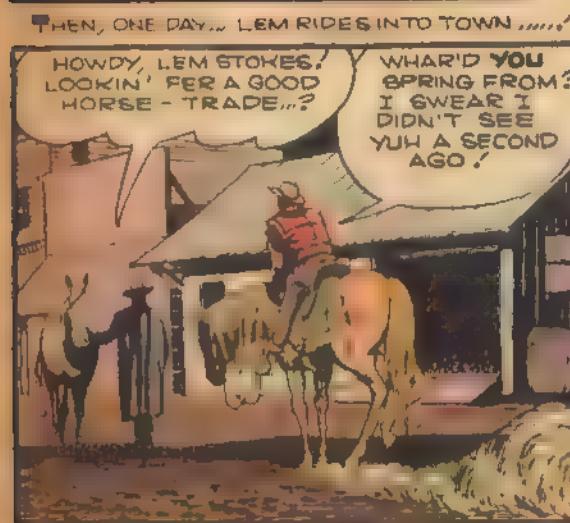


TIM HOLT



THUH WAY YUH TREAT HORSES IS GONNA CATCH UP WITH YUH SOME DAY, LEM STOKES!

BUT TIME GOES BY... AND LEM STOKES DOES NOT CHANGE —





LEM IS SO BUSY TUGGING REIN THAT AT FIRST HE DOES NOT SEE HOW THE "WHITENESS" ON HIS MOUNT IS BEING WASHED OFF BY THE PELTING RAIN.



BUT THEN—!

TH-THUH COLOR'S WASHED OFF! AIEEE! IT'S WHITE STAR — THUH HORSE I SHOT! AN' HE'S HEADED FER THAT CLIFF!



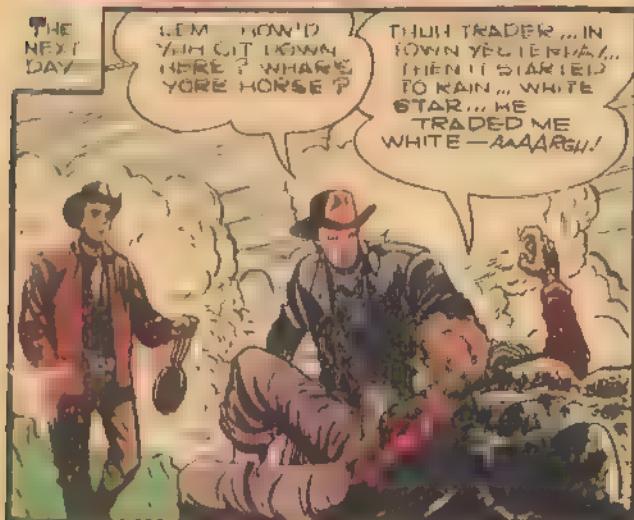
THE HORSE-BEATER SCREAMS! BUT WHITE STAR KEEPS GALLOPING FORWARD, THEY PLUNGE DOWN...



...DOWN, DOWN, TLL...



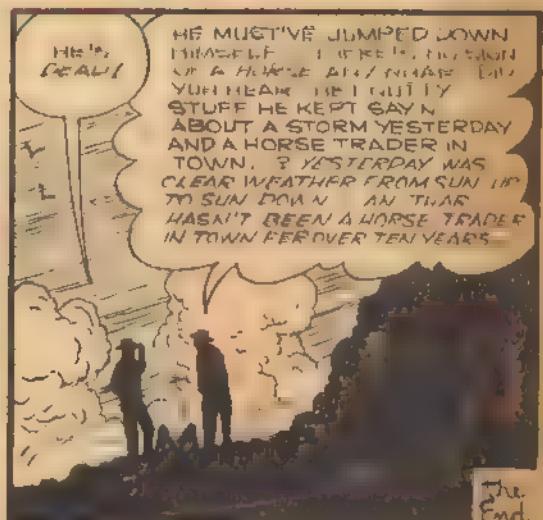
THE
NEXT
DAY



LEM, HOW'D YAH CUT DOWN HERE? WHERE YORE HORSE?

THUH TRADER... IN TOWN YESTERDAY... THEN IT STARTED TO RAIN... WHITE STAR... HE TRADED ME WHITE — AAAARGH!

HE'S DEAD!



HE MUST'VE JUMPED DOWN HIMSELF. I FER IT FOLDED UP A HORSE AND THA'S ALL YUH HEAR. HE TALKED STUFF HE KEPT SAYIN' ABOUT A STORM YESTERDAY AND A HORSE TRADER IN TOWN. ? YESTERDAY WAS CLEAR WFAATHER FROM SUN UP TO SUN DOWN. AN THA'S HASN'T BEEN A HORSE TRADER IN TOWN FER OVER TEN YEARS.

The
End

FREE 10 HITLER STAMPS



10 Scarce Stamps - All Different - Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

Mail coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different colors various NO COST TO YOU.

These valuable stamps were issued by the most wicked nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming scarce. And since the nation is no longer in existence, no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So don't ask for more than one set.

FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the FREE Hitler Stamps we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection. PLUS a FREE copy of our helpful informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as that of about the 1¢ stamp (which a boy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting - shows how to get started, where and how to find rare stamps, how to tell their real value, how to mount them, trade them, how to start a stamp club, exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore. Full pages of pictures showing old stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands, ferocious beasts, etc.

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Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler stamps FREE! This special offer may soon be withdrawn so if coupon has already been used write direct to Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. 4-MEC, Littleton, New Hampshire. (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling).



Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!

**LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
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Send -AT NO COST TO ME- the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

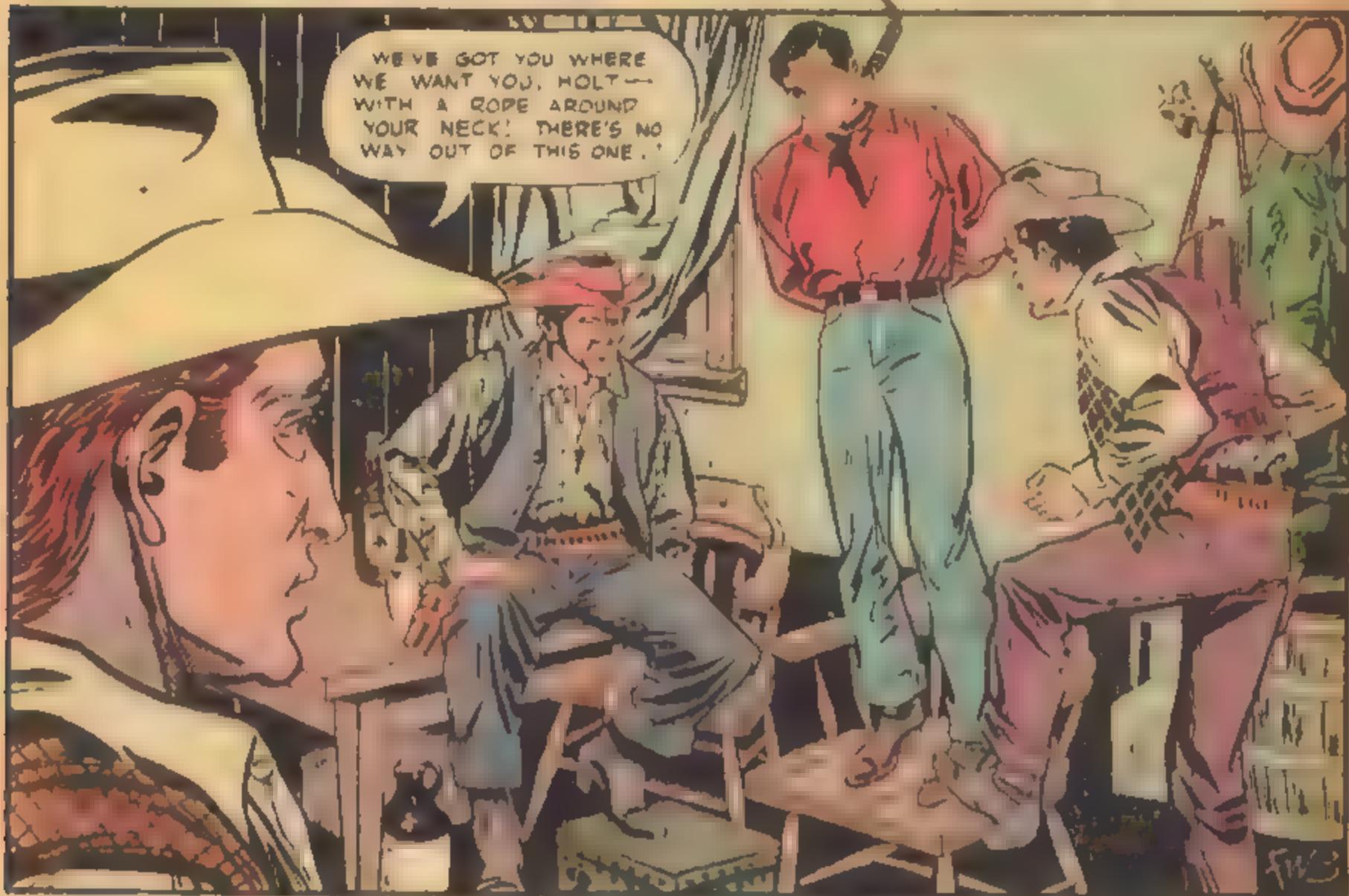
City _____ State _____

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

ALONE AND UNARMED TIM HOLT, DEPUTY SHERIFF OF THE TOWN OF BULLET, RIDES INTO SINKHOLE, AN OUTLAW TOWN. HE HAS LEFT HIS GUNS BEHIND HIM FOR HE HAS COME TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO THESE HARDCASE KILLERS! WHAT STRANGE REASON DOES TIM HAVE FOR THIS SACRIFICE? IS THERE ANY HOPE AT ALL FOR—

**"THE MAN
WHO
CAME BACK!"**

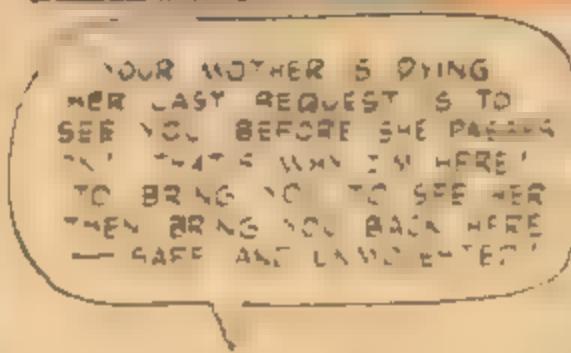
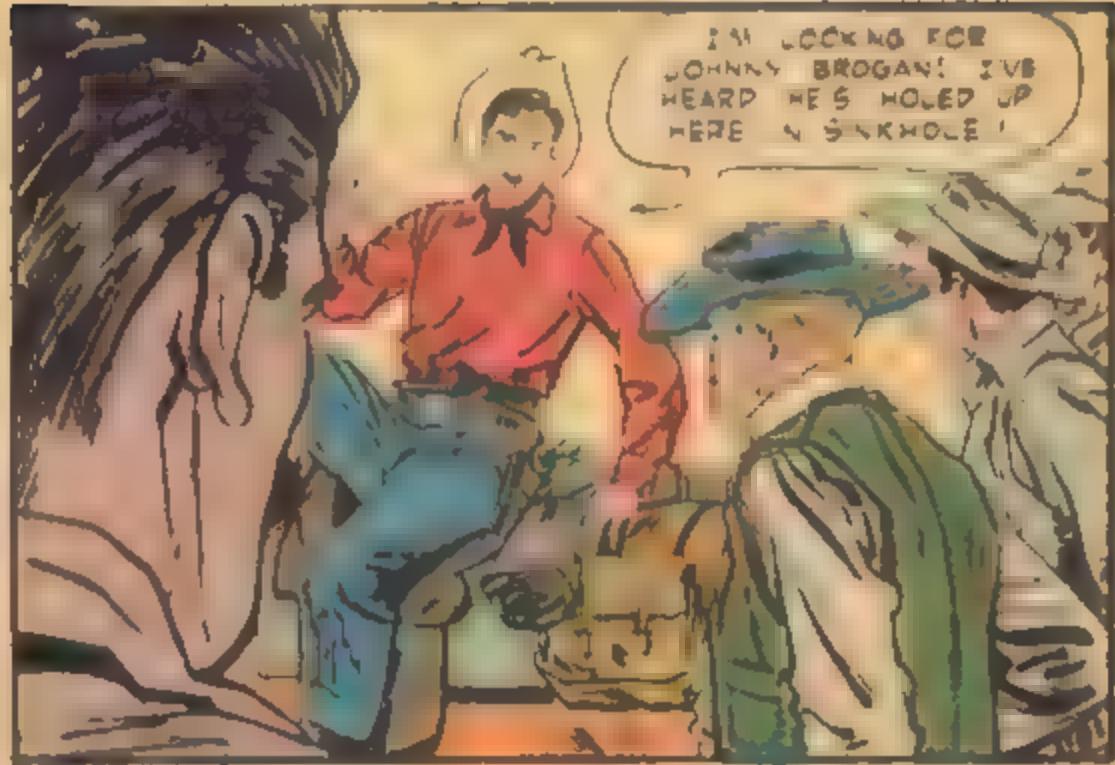


The Tim Holt comic strip is written by the author and in the 2nd panel, the 2nd line of the 2nd panel, as I recall, reads the man who came back.



TIM HOLT

WHY DOES TIM HOLT RIDE ALONE
AND WITHOLT HIS GUNS INTO
THE TOWN OF SINKHOLE? WHY
DOES DEATH AND HELL AT THE
HARD END OF THESE HARDCASE
WALLS? BY TURN BACK
THE PAGE OF THE CALENDAR OF
TIME TO A VIOLENT SONG DAYS
AGO, WHEN THE FIST WALKED
TO DANCE DOWN THE MAIN
STREET OF SINKHOLE. BUT THIS
TIME HE CAME ARMED.



AS JOHNNY BROGAN STARTED FORWARD IN RAGE HIS TRIGGER FINGER SHUTTERED—

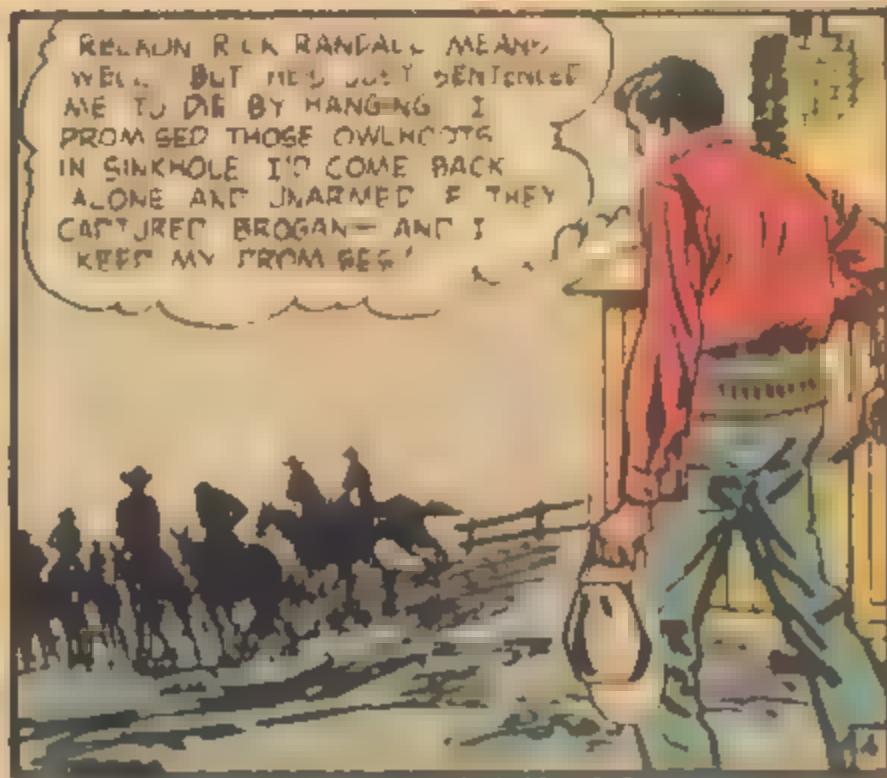
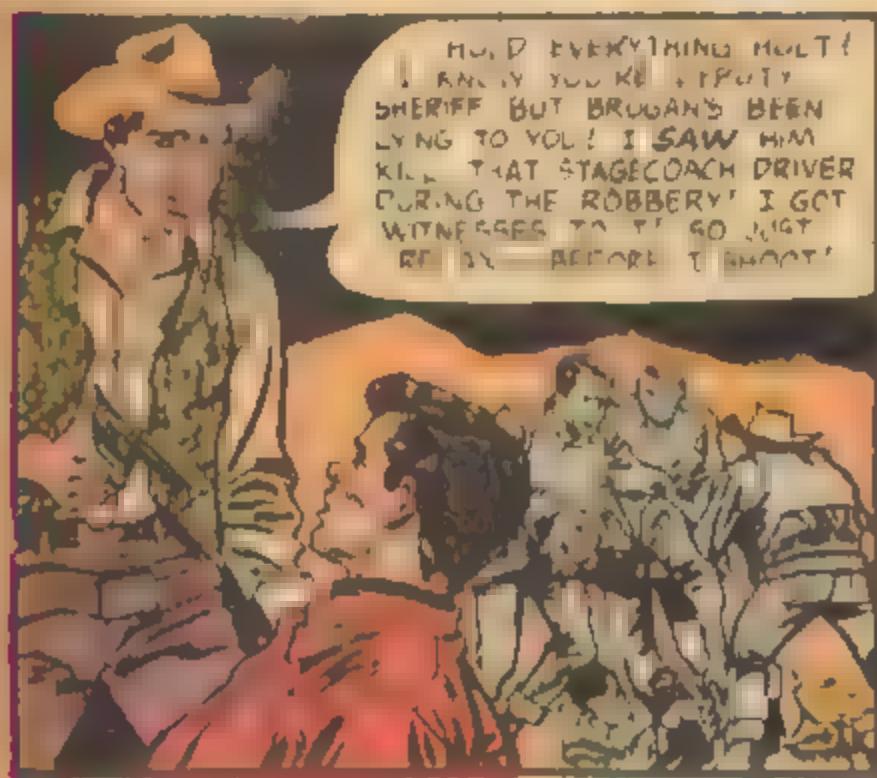
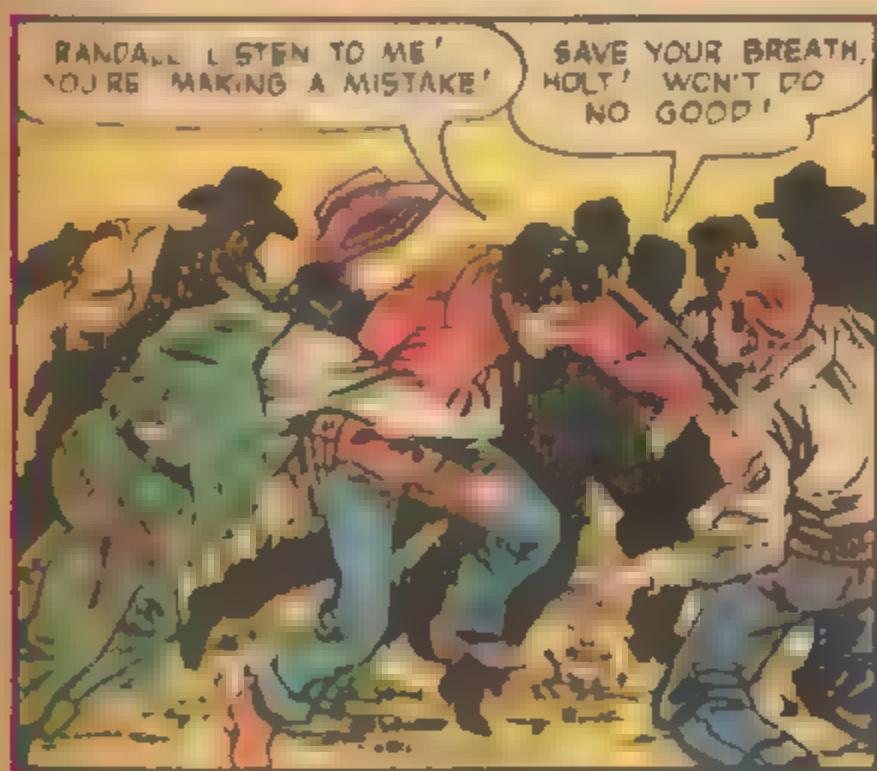


"TO PROVE I WILL, I'LL LEAVE THESE BOTTLES! WHEN JOHNNY BROGAN COMES BACK WITH ME ALIVE AND UNHARMED—WE'LL DRINK TO OUR SUCCESS!"



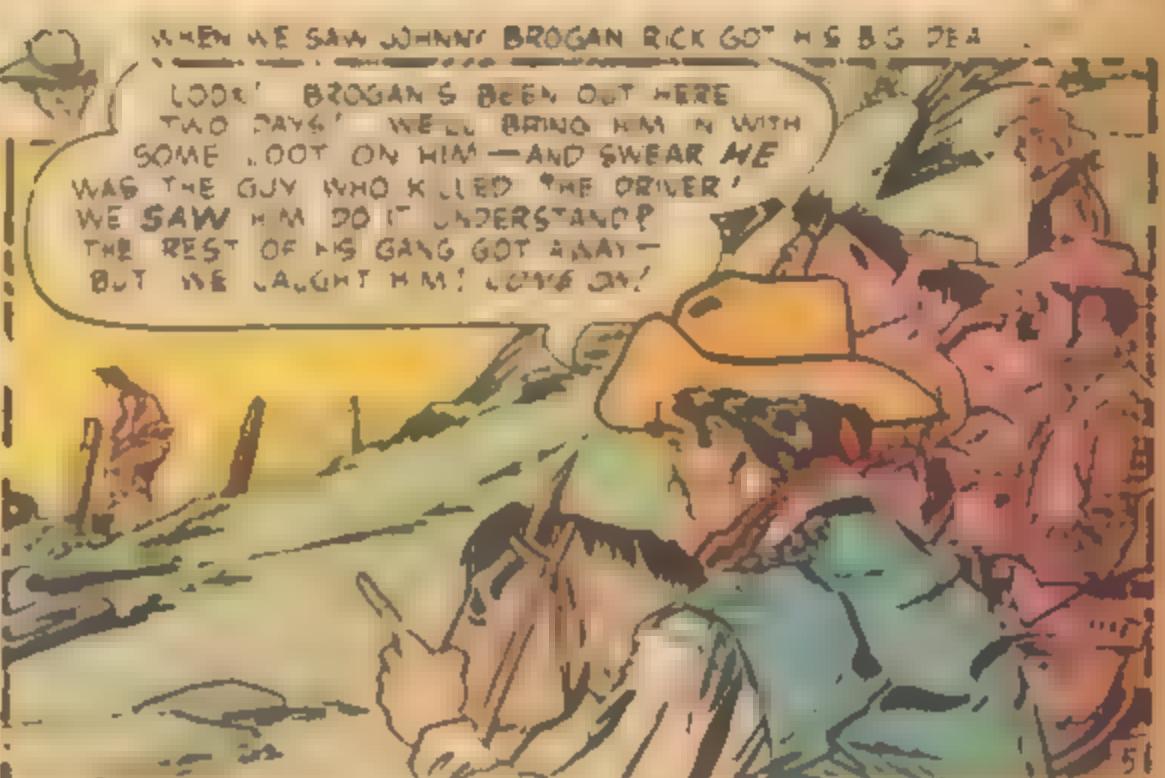
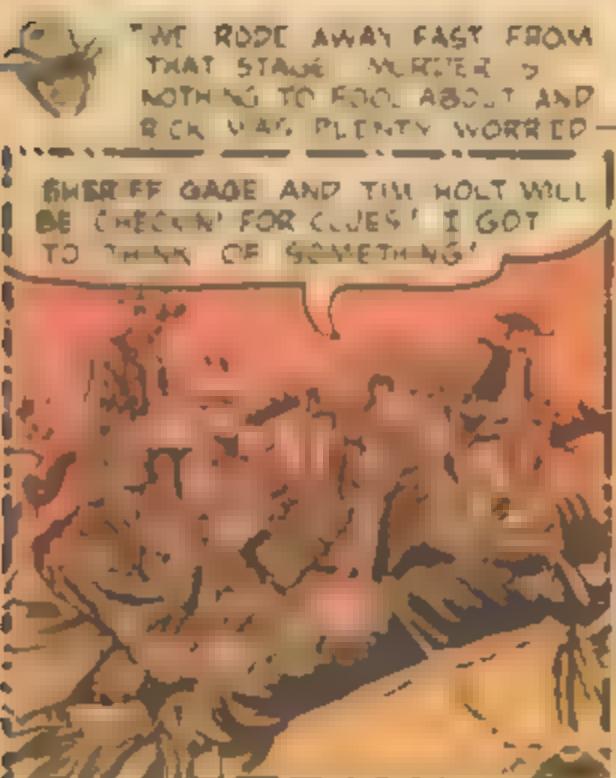
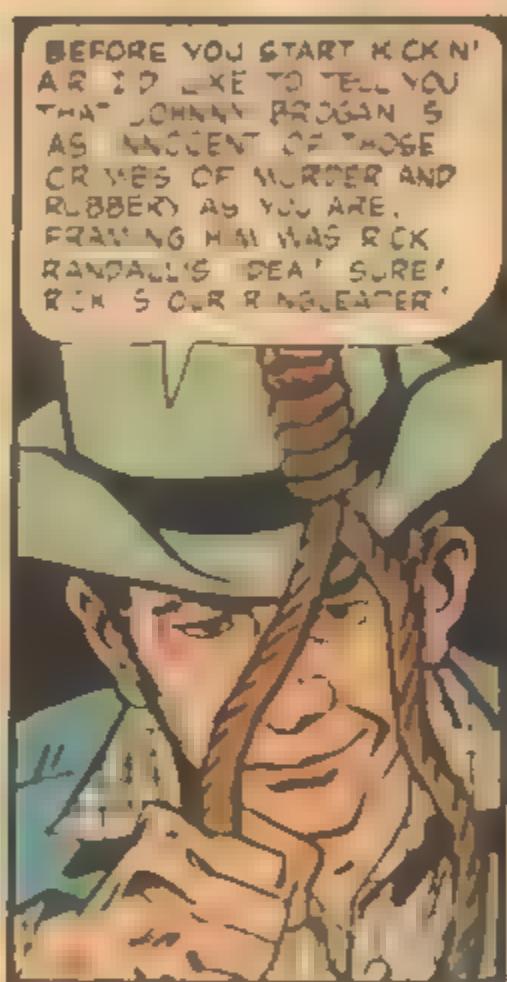
"AND SO THE TWO BOTTLES WERE PUT IN A PLACE OF HONOR BEHIND THE SINKHOLE SALOON BAR."

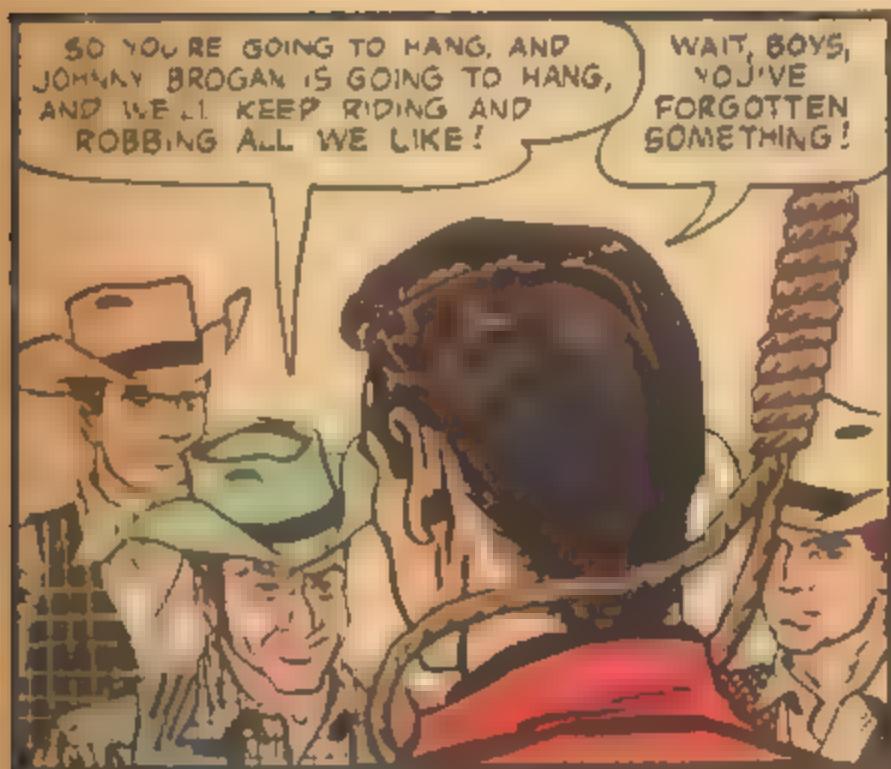




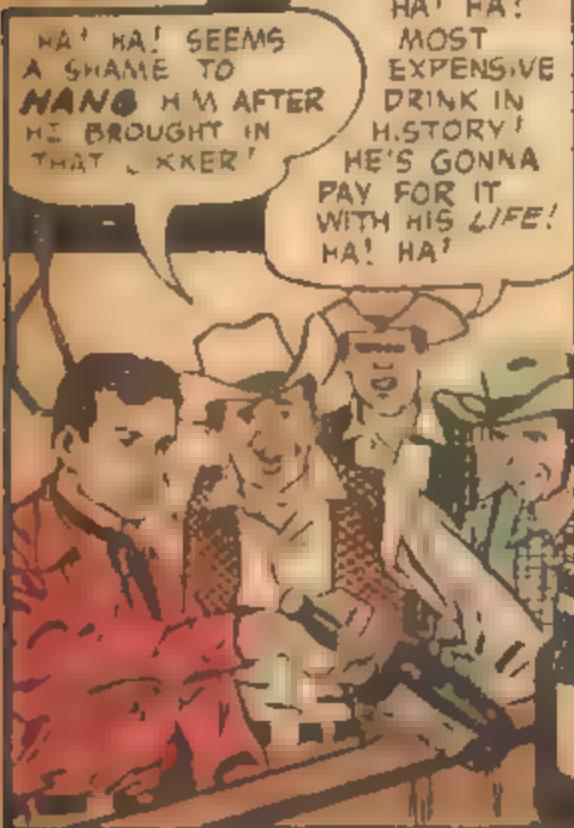
TIM HOLT

AND SO TIM HOLT RIDES BACK TO THE OUTLAW TOWN WITHOUT A WEAPON TO DEFEND HIMSELF. A GUN IS PUSHED INTO HIS BACK. A VOICE RASPS HARSHLY IN HIS EAR...





THE GRIM HUMOR OF THE OUTLAWS IS TOUCHED BY THE FACT THAT THEY WILL SOON TOAST THEIR OWN SCHEMES.



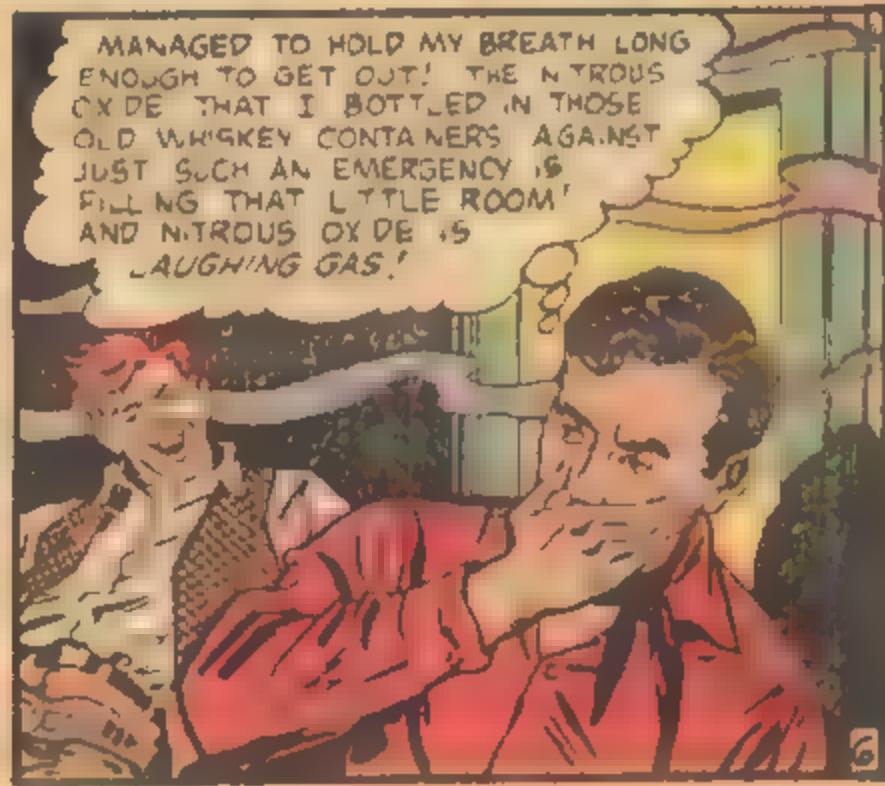
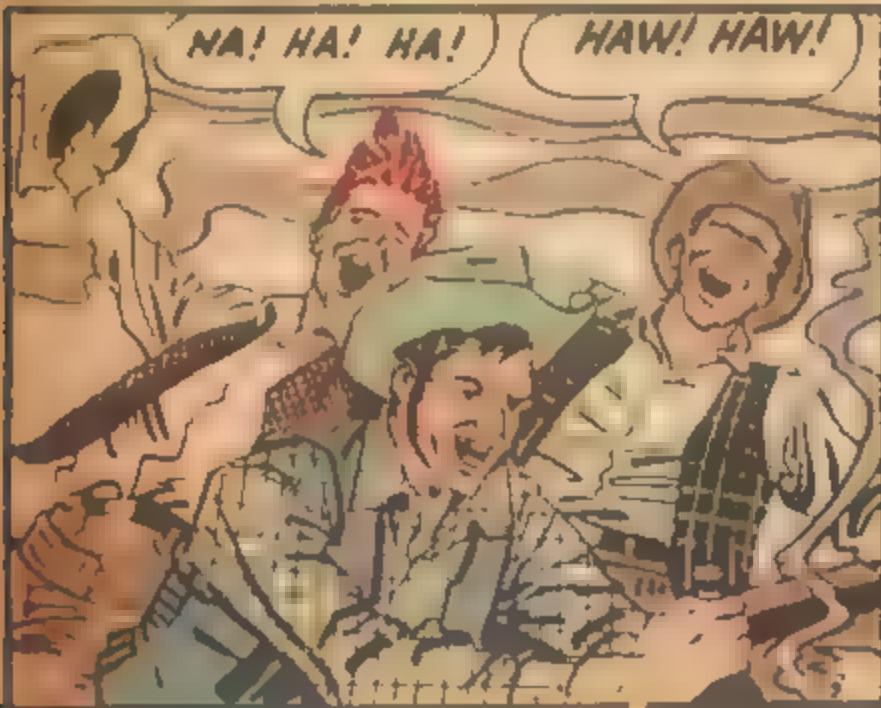
SUDDENLY...

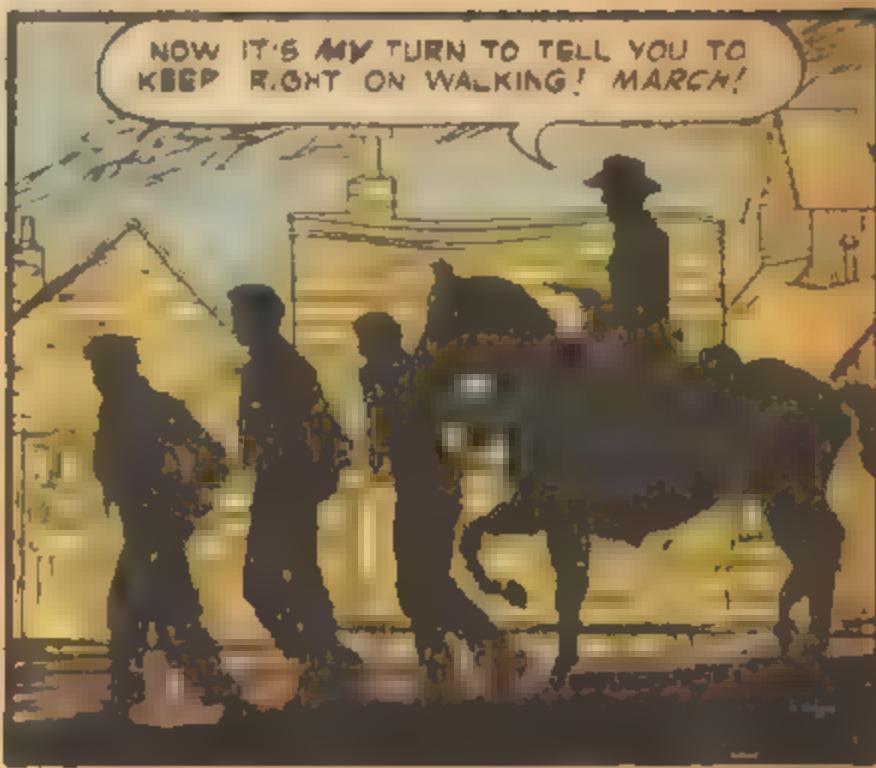


FROM THE BROKEN BOTTLES AND POOLS OF LIQUID FAINT WISPS RISE UPWARD...

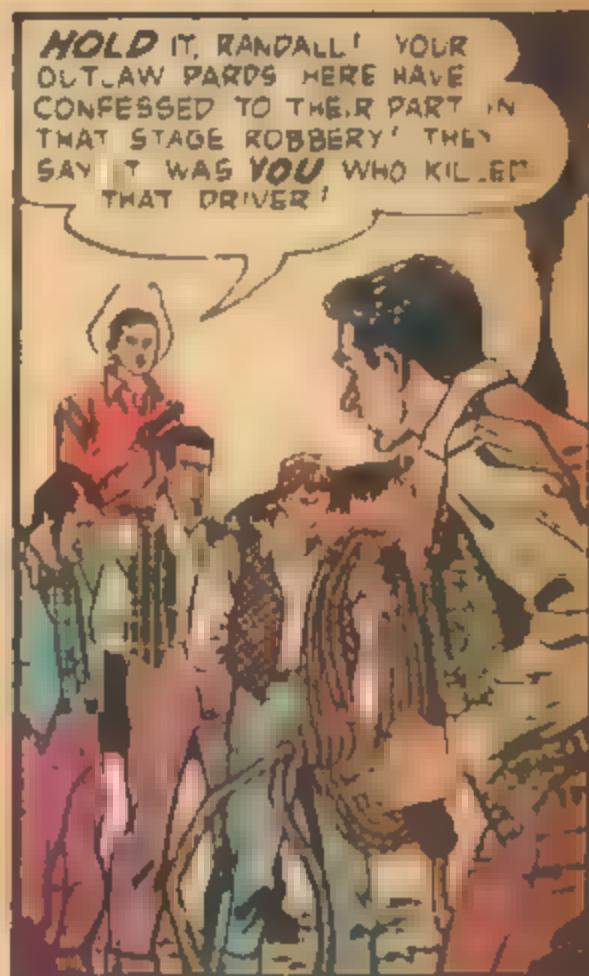


AND IN A MOMENT THE OUTLAWS ARE CONVULSED WITH WILD HILARITY!





HOURS LATER IN A SALOON IN BULLET-



FRIGHT DAWNED IN RICK RANDALL'S EYES WITH AN OATH. HE WANTS A GUN AND LEAPS FORWARD BUT HE TRIPS--



THE MULE AND THE WAGON-TRAIN

IT WAS spring in the year 1828. All along the Santa Fe trail the wagons creaked and toiled, clattered casks swinging under the jangling tail-gates, the whips of the bearded drivers snapping, the oxen ploughing ahead across the sun wastes of southwestern Kansas. Part of a continent was on the march, sunlight glinting on the long rifles of the buckskin-lad trappers, and on the pistols in the holsters of the drivers.

Jeb Norwood stood in a clump of mesquite, fighting back the tears. Behind him was a ruined cabin and three graves that he had dug himself. Paw was back there, and Maw, and little Cissie. He had buried them, with his law's shovel, and now he was alone — twelve years old, with only a gun and Paw's lop-eared mule, Temper, to call his own.

"Mebbe they'll give me a place with 'em," he muttered to the big grey mule, staring at the oncoming wagons. "I can h'ist water an' chop wood. Mebbe ever I could get 'em some meat, if they'd give me some powder."

He was ragged and dirty, but there were muscles under his tanned skin, and his eyes were grey and direct. He walked like an Indian, with back straight and his long legs bent in sliding. The rifle hung, muzzle down ward over his arm.

A bearded driver saw him first and sent a stream of brown tobacco spraying beyond the rounded rump of his off-wheel ox. He jerked a thumb back over his shoulder at the boy's question.

"The wagon boss is five teams back, son," said the driver. "If'n he lets yuh stay with us, yuh kin sit up here with me. Gits plumb lonesome with only these dumb oxen to palaver with!"

The wagon boss was a lean man, big in the shoulders, with long yellow hair and blue eyes. He wore two pistols strapped around his middle, with a Green River hunting knife in a bead-decorated sheath. Jeb heard the men address him as Charley. His face was grave

as Jeb told what had happened to his folks.

"Of course, son. We'll be glad to have yuh. Espec ally s'nce yuh own a mule."

One or two of the men looked blank. The others seemed indifferent. But Jeb knew what the tail-can man meant. He licked his lips, then asked, "I could stand some powder an' ball. Paw shot most of his away—against them Injuns."

A bearded man with a crosslike knife scar on his cheek grunted derisively. "Like dumpin' it out on the sand, Char'ey! What's a skinny young'un like him know 'bout shootin' a gun?"

Jeb felt the red flush tinge his cheeks, but he drew himself up stiffly. "I got me two Comanches yestiddy. Only had two bullets, too!"

Charley laughed softly. He said, "All right, boy. You find yoreself a wagon to latch onto, an' see me tomorrow."

Jeb found his driver friend and lashed the lead-string of the mule to a tailgate chain. Then he swung up onto the big broad seat of the Dearborn beside the tobacco-chewing teamster. The man nodded at him, and grinned. "Gad to see that wall-eyed mule o' yours, youngster. These new-fangled oxen can pull a loaded wagon, but when it comes to —"

The driver shook his head and let his words trail off. From him, Jeb learned that this was one of a Bent, St. Vrain Company caravan, bound for Santa Fe. Its great vans and wagons were loaded with silk and metalware, guns and powder, glassware and silver. Every eye was on the lookout for Comanches or Kiowas, for they raided the wagons for its *caballada*, or horse herd.

"Seems they take a fancy to them knives we're packin', too," growled the driver, whose name was Brad. "Ar' beads, an' colored cloths! Huh! Reckon they'd plumb take everything that ain't nailed down tight!"

At night, young Jeb slept behind the shallow tail-gate, his small body packed into the narrow space, under some bolts of silk. He would stare up at the stars and blink his eyes hard, remembering his mother's soft voice, and his father's hearty shout, and the happy laughter of his little sister.

And then, four nights after Jeb Norwood joined the caravan, he froze to silent immobility, as voices floated out of the night air near the tail-gate of Brad's wagon, where he lay stretched out.

"I tell ye, the time is now," said an excited voice. "They've come so far toward Sante Fe, they bean't thinkin' on Injuns no more! Why, man alive! There bean't no more guards posted of nights. Charley Bent is sleepin' right now, 'stead of worryin' 'bout any redskins!"

Jeb remembered that hoarse voice. His memory called up a bearded face marked with

a crooked knife scar on the cheek. It was the man who had taunted him about shooting his rifle! Now another voice joined his. "But are we sure them Comanches will split with us?"

Scorn dripped from the scarred face man. "All they want is them beads an' cheap knives an' some blankets. What use they got for silverware or silk? Can they use good candle sticks? I tell ye, the loot of this rich wagon train is ours, if we do this right!"

The men moved off their voices fading. Jeb sat bolt upright, shaking with excitement. Carefully he patted over the side of the wagon, lifting the canvas hood. Then he loosened the tail gate, lowered it, and dropped to the ground. He ran swiftly as his legs could move to Charley Bent's wagon.

The tall, lean man was sitting with his back propped to a big white, smoking his last pipe for the night. He looked up curiously at Jeb, then grew ominously silent as Jeb talked.

"So," smiled Bent coldly, "Black & Logan figures to ride to Injuns agin us, does he? Young un, yuh did right to come to me. How's that mule o' your'n?"

Jeb grinned. "Gettin' fat an' sassy. I ain't along behind that wagon."

Bent laughed. "I'm givin' yuh a saddle. Put it on him. Take him ridin' out in front of the train from now on. You savvy?"

His heart thudding excitedly, Jeb nodded. The big man stooped and after a snaky pat he clapped bag. "There's powder an' lead in here for your rifle. I'll be bearin' an' eye on you, son." Jeb grinned faintly, and his hand closed tightly over the beaded parfleche bag. His heart thumped excitedly. It was a good feeling to be needed, Jeb thought.

He walked to Brad's wagon and unlatched the rope hackamore that was tied to the end-gate. Leading Temper, Jeb walked through the starlight between the clumps of sotol and ocotillo. His rifle hung barrel downward across an arm. His young eyes searched the horizon.

Jeb walked steadily through the dawn. A

mile or two behind him the big vans were rumbling. And he Jeb was being trusted to be lookout for all that wealth back there. A proud tingle went through his veins.

Then Temper lifted his head and bayed!

Jeb froze in his tracks. He had heard Ten-
yo Bray like that before. It had been when
the redskins were shooting at his Maw and
Paw.

Jeb lifted his gun and fired three times
quackily as fast as he could trigger his rifle.
Three bats in rapid succession was the warn-
ing of the Indians. Now the wagon train moving
slowly behind him a mile or more away would
know that there were Kowas and Comanches
somewhere up ahead. The oxen would begin
their slow swing, the huge wagons would
sway as they were drawn into a tight circle.

Bent had known, as Jeb had, that a smart
rattle like Temper was worth his weight in
gold to a wagon train. There was some instinct
in animals that made them smell out Indians
from miles away. That was why Bent had sent
young Jeb out ahead to ride point.

Jeb checked. A feathered warbonnet rose up
against the red horizon. He could see the bear
claw necklace, the metal amulet. A warpainted
face opened a wide mouth that shrilled a war-
cry. An arrow thudded into the dust some
feet beyond Jeb.

Jeb raised his gun and fired. He saw the
Indians scatter over the camp of his pony
and drop lifeless to the ground. Jeb grinned.
"Huh! Mebbe new fast man with the seat
wouldn't think that th' idea of me an' my rifle!"

There were other Indians now racing toward
young Jeb. He jumped on Temper and
trotted him, kicking his ribs with drumming
heels. "Git a move on, that, Temper! We got
to beat them Injuns back to the wagons!"

Jeb turned on the mule and fired his rifle
again and again. Once he saw a white man
riding among the Indians throw up his arms
and topple to the ground. "Serves him right
O' yeller turn out!" Jeb growled.

Now the wagons were a foot off him. The
Indians were bellying their big canvas covers.
The sunlight glinted on long rifle barrels
poked out from behind wagon wheels and tail
gates. Jeb could see Charley Bent standing
with his sixguns in his hands. Bent shouted.
"Yuh're there, young 'un! Mebbe yuh'd better
turn in—see if yuh can get some shuteye
while we drive off them varmints!"

But Jeb shook his head and his eyes were
shining. "No sir. Reckon I ain't sleepy yet. I
recognized one or two of those redskins. They
finished off my Paw. I'll want to settle with
them!"

And with head held high, Jeb walked on to
find a better station. Knowing that wherever
his Paw was he would be looking at him
proud of him . . .

THE END

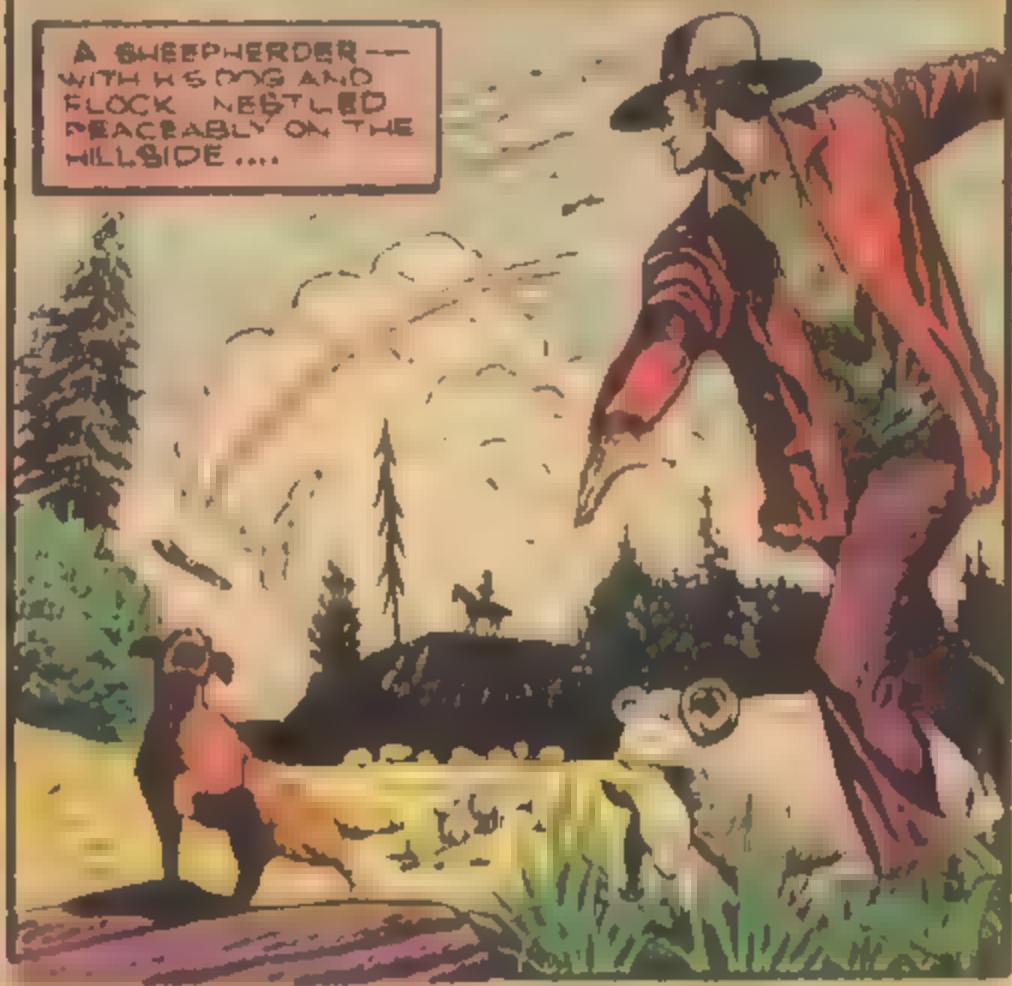
THE NEXT ISSUE
of TIM HOLT
GOES ON SALE
MAY 29th

The RETRIEVER

A COWBOY — LOOKING
FOR GRAZING LAND FOR
HIS CATTLE



A SHEPHERDER —
WITH HIS DOG AND
FLOCK NESTLED
PEACEABLY ON THE
HILLSIDE



A FEW APPLES OF HATE CREATE THE
COLORS OF DEATH. HE RAISES HIS
WEAPON. THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR
THE SHEPHERDER AND HIM.
BOTH IN THE GRAYING LAND....



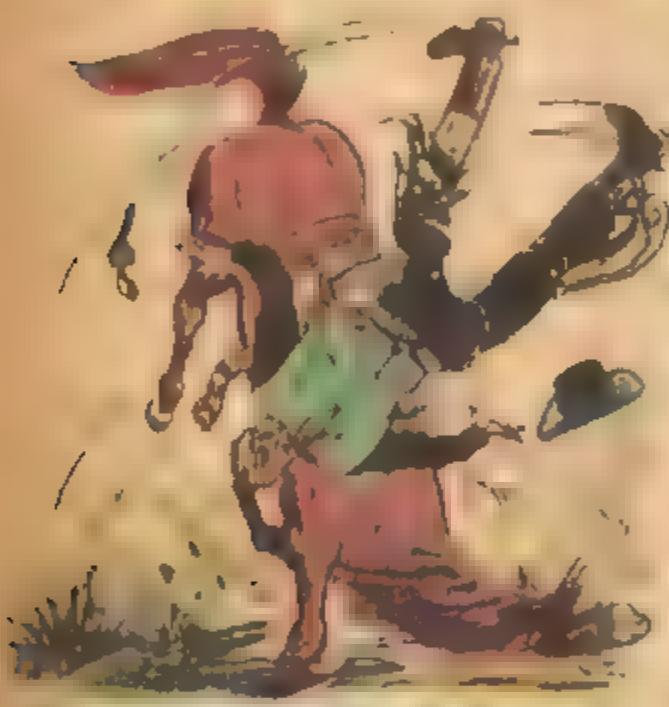
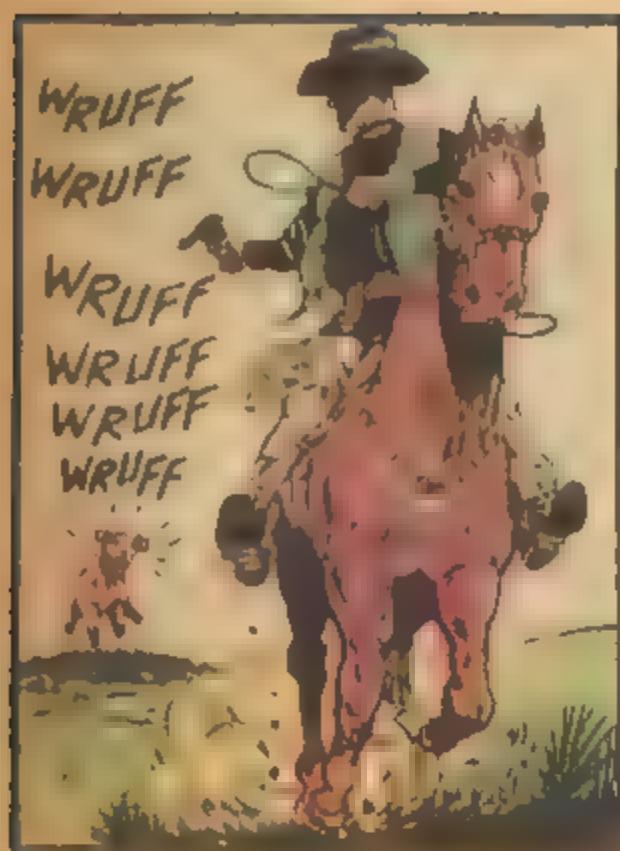
HE'S SHOT HIM
BEFORE HE'S SHOT
THIS GRAYING LAND
WITH THE SHEPHERDER

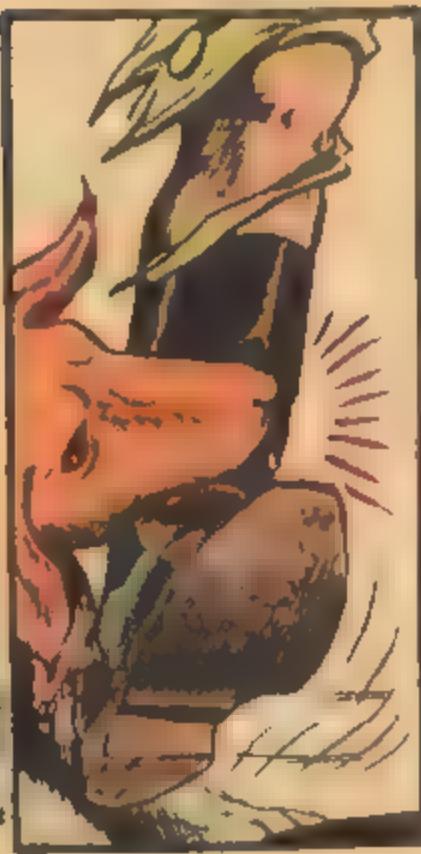


— HE'S KILLING COWBOY









TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

He rode the night winds like the black monster he was! His sword was ever at the throats of the weak and helpless! Like the wolf after which he is named he preys on those unable to defend themselves! And when REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE gets on his trail *EL LOBO* seeks to brand REDMASK with —

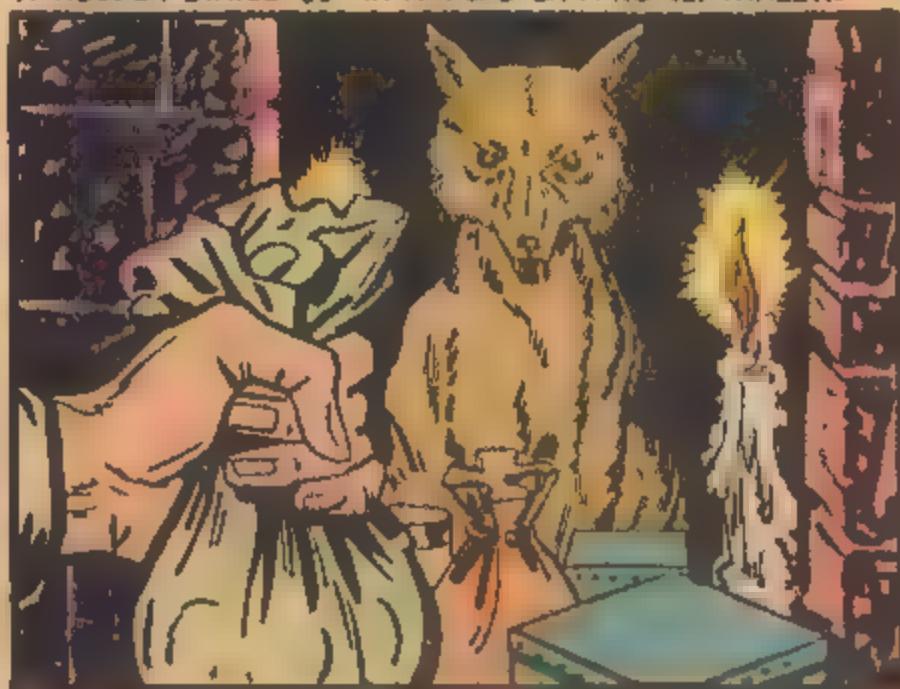
**"The
MARK of the WOLF!"**

PREPARE YOURSELF REDMASK!
NOTHING CAN SAVE
YOU FROM THE
DEADLY PETS OF
EL LOBO...



THE BRIGHT MOON FALLS ON A SCORE OF PERSONS SHUFFLING ALONG THE COBBLESTONED STREETS OF SALOMA...

EAGER HANDS STRETCH FORTH GOLD AND SILVER BAUBLES TO A WOODEN STATUE SET IN A NICHE ON A RUINED WALL...



TIM HOLT

THERE ARE SOME WHO BURY THEIR TREASURES IN THE MEXICAN FIELDS BEYOND THE CITY...

MADRE DE DIOS! THE SWORD OF EL LOBO!



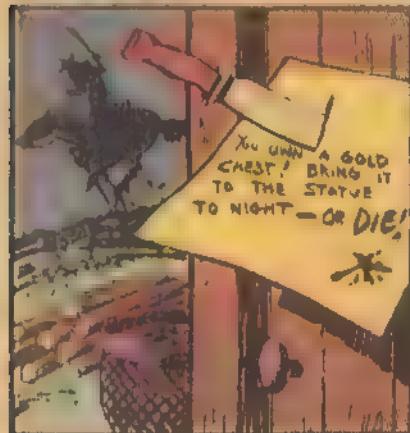
DEATH FINDS THOSE WHO CHEAT THE WOLF!



HERE AND THERE IN COUNTRY FIELDS OR CITY STREET THOSE WHO DEPY THIS MONSTER OF THE NIGHT LIE DEAD, BRANDIED BY THE MARK OF THE WOLF!



THE TATTOO OF HIS HORSES HOOF BEATS A THUNDER IN THE DARKNESS! A HORSE RACES!



AND SO THIS DARK RIDER HOLDS SALOMA IN HIS HAND! HE SWUNG KILLED! HIS STEEL BRONZE DEATH SWIFTLY TO ANY WHO OFFEND HIM!



BUT ONE NIGHT AFTER THE MESSAGE-DAGGER THUDS INTO A LITTLE DOOR...



IT IS, CH QU TA

WHEN THE T-BARTH RANCH COOK—MEX LOLLIPPOOSA— TOLD ME OF YOUR PROBLEM I PROMISED TO AD YOU AND I WLL...



TIM HOLT



THE BATTLE IS BLOODY, DESPERATE...

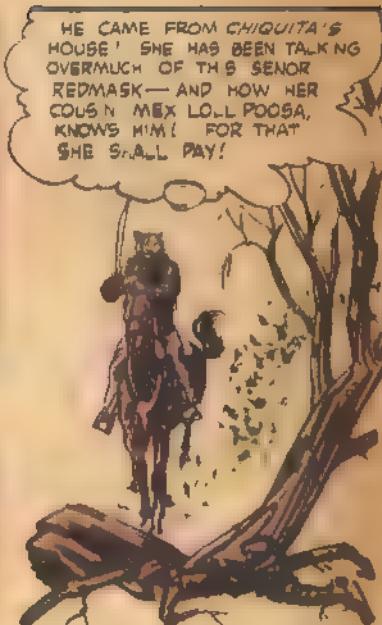


AND THEN A STRAINING FOOT SLIPS IN A POOL OF TORPID RAIN WATER....



TIM HOLT

A CRIMSON FIGURE HURLES DOWNWARD
THROUGH THE NIGHT—



IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SALOMA, SOMETHREE LATER...



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

WITH A FRENZIED TWIST OF HIS BODY, REDMASK LEAPS ASIDE...

MISSSED ME!

BUT I WON'T MISS YOU!

UGGGH!

HOW DID YOU ESCAPE DEATH?
ARE YOU REALLY THE GHOST
OF THE ANCIENT
REDMASK OF THE
RIO GRANDE...?

I ESCAPED
DEATH
VERY SIMPLY...



"AS I FELL OUTWARD, MY FOOT HAVING SLIPPED IN THE SPILL OF RAIN WATER, I DREW MY KNIFE..."

ONLY CHANCE TO SURVIVE THIS FALL IS... BY SLIPPING A KNOT OVER MY KNIFE-HANDLE...

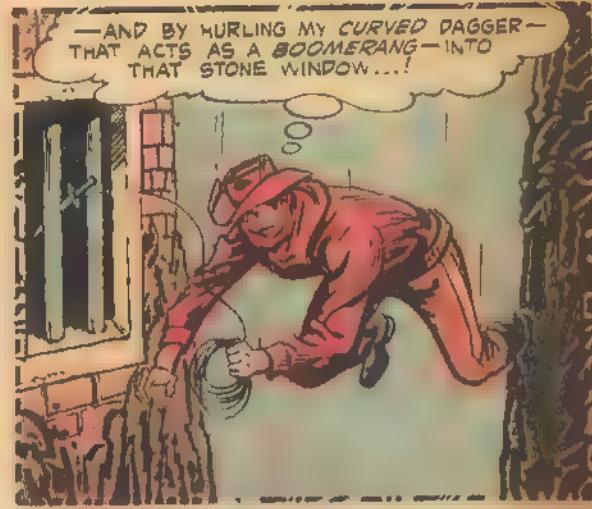


"THE KNIFE WHIPPED AROUND THE STONE POST! THE CORD HELD FOR A MOMENT, SWINGING ME AGAINST THE ROCKY WALL..."

THE CORD BROKE... BUT IT STOPPED MY FALL... AND FROM HERE I CAN GO DOWN THE WALL, HAND OVER HAND!



—AND BY HURLING MY CURVED DAGGER— THAT ACTS AS A BOOMERANG—INTO THAT STONE WINDOW...!



"INTENT ON THE STORY HE TELLS REDMASK DOES NOT NOTICE THAT EL LOBO HAS BEEN GATHERING HIS MUSCLES FOR ONE LAST GRIM EFFORT. THEN—

A CLEVER ESCAPE, REDMASK! BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! YOU SEE—I, TOO, HAVE A TRICK UP MY SLEEVE...!"

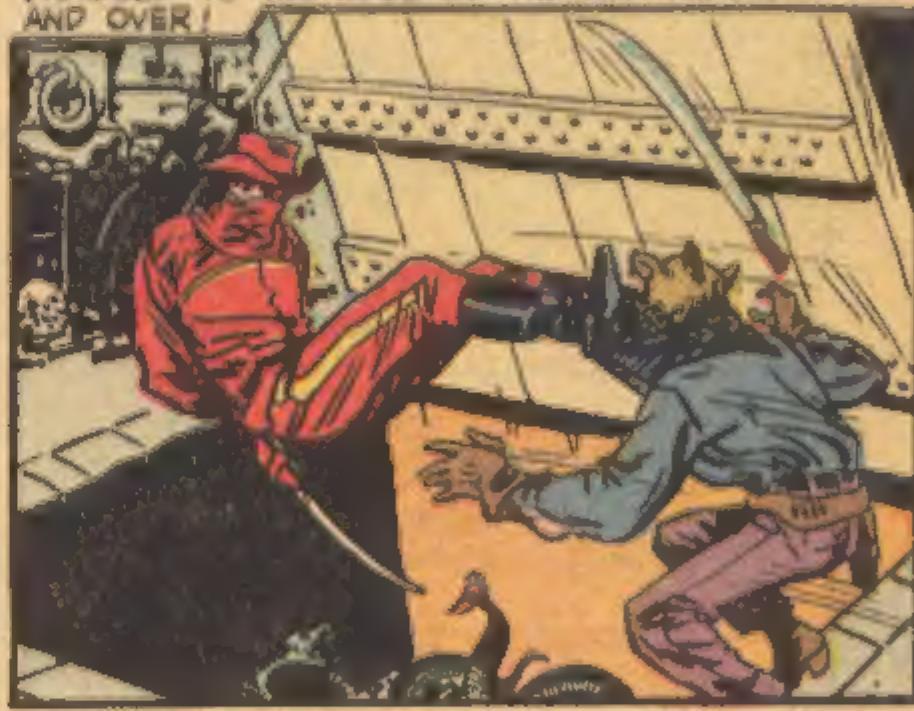




REDMASK SWINGS UP HIS LEGS! HIS LONG SPURS
JAB OUT, VICIOUSLY...



HOOKED BY THOSE SILVER SPURS, EL LOBO IS
DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF THE REPTILE PIT—
AND OVER!



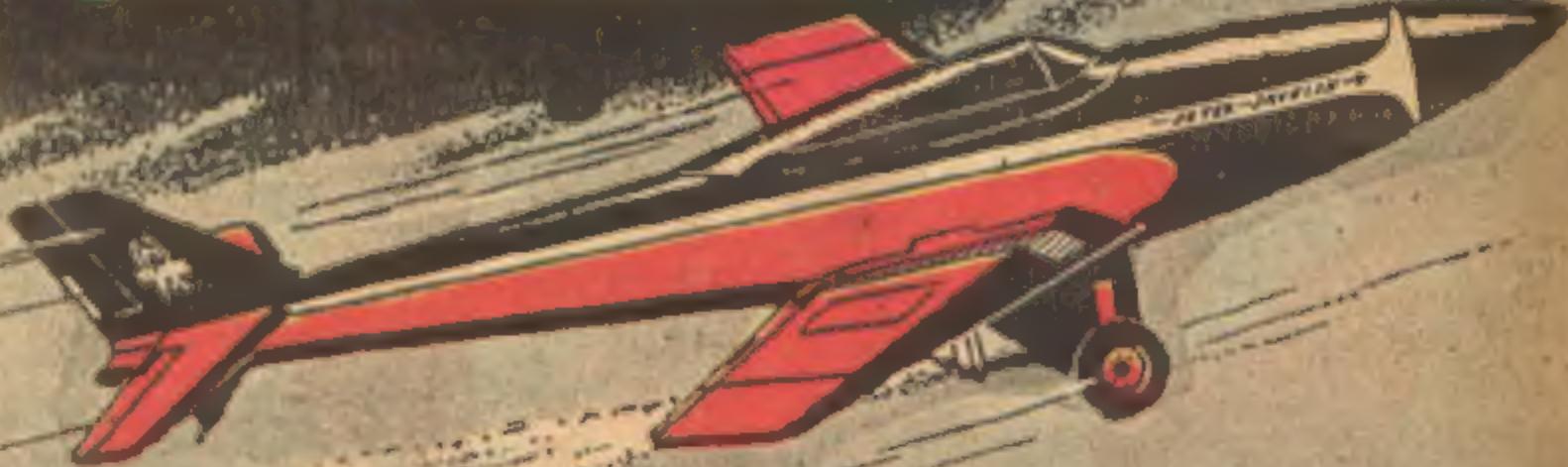
FOR A MOMENT, A HAND RISES UPWARD AS A
SCREAM OF AGONY RENDS THE NIGHT...



A MOMENT LATER...



NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



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If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the JETEX JAVELIN, \$2.75, a total cost of \$2.70. Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98! (plus postage and handling charges—C.O.D.). Includes fuel supply

\$1.98

JETEX JAVELIN

**Guaranteed to give you
Fun-filled Flights!**

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

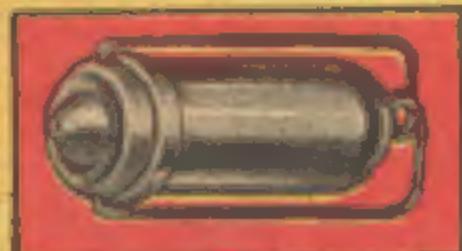
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The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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